



CHAPTER 27

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FEATURING KEVIN LIEW

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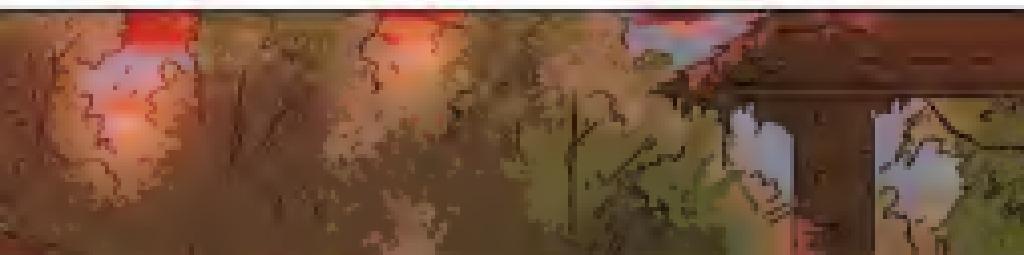
TATEOR EST. 2010

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WHAT IS IT ABOUT FAMILY,
FLESH AND BLOOD THAT
WE'RE SO DRAWN TO?









I CAN'T
SEE ANYTHING.
IT'S TOO DARK.
HE SHOULD
BE BACK BY

DO BETTER BY
NOW.



THAT DEEP AND NAUSEATING
WORRY WHEN WE DON'T
KNOW HOW TO REACH THEM...







THERE MUST
BE DOZENS OF
MINISTRY SOLDIERS.
THE RAIDS NEVER
LAST THIS
LONG.



IT'S
ALRIGHT,
JAMIE.



WHAT
IF THEY SENT
STRAY HUNTERS



WHAT HAPPENED,
MOM?

LET'S
HOPE NOT
BOYS. YOUR
FATHER HAS TAKEN
ON WORSE BEFORE.
HE CAN HANDLE
HIMSELF.

DAD!

JESUS

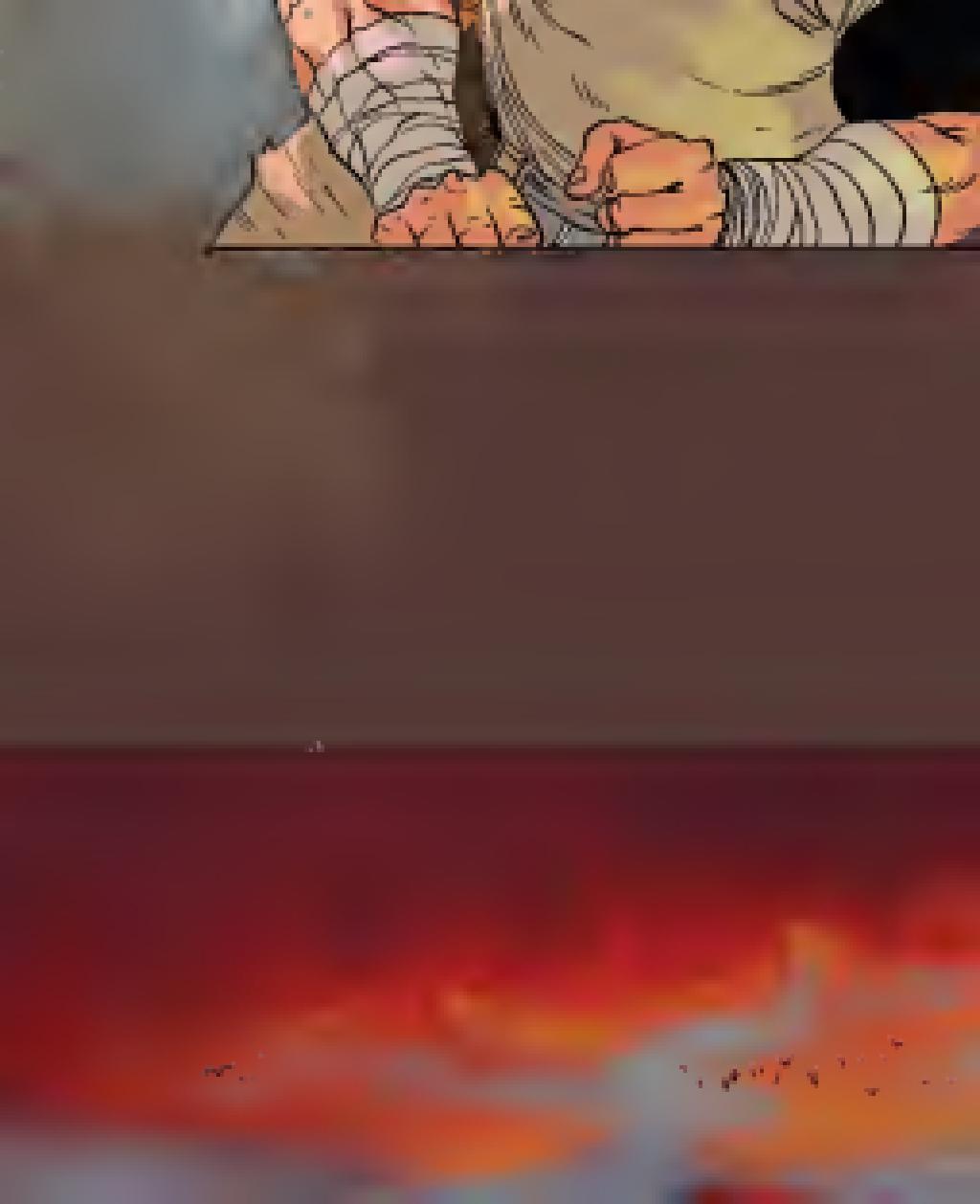


CHRIST,
TREVOR!

THAT OVERWHELMING
RELIEF WHEN THEY ARE
FOUND AGAIN...



WE HAVE
TO LEAVE
HERE...THEY'RE
HERE FOR THE
BOYS, DIANE.





DO YOU
THINK WE
HAVE THE RIGHT
ADDRESS?

HE RAN
IN THERE. I'M
SURE OF IT,
NICK.





A political cartoon depicting two men in military-style uniforms looking upon a vast, sprawling mountain of trash. The man on the left has glasses and a mustache, while the man on the right has dark hair and a mustache. They are positioned in the foreground, with a city skyline visible in the background under a dramatic sunset sky.

PITIFUL, THESE
COMMUNES.

DESERTERS
LIVING LIKE RATS
OFF THE ROTTING
GARBAGE OF AN
EXTINCT
CIVILIZATION.



THEY
ESCAPE THE
CITIES FOR
THIS?

THEY ESCAPE
NOTHING. THESE
PATHETIC FOOLS WILL
NEVER STOP RUNNING
FROM THE
MINISTRY.





LET'S
FINISH THE
JOB, FISHER.
GO AHEAD...
KNOCK.



6





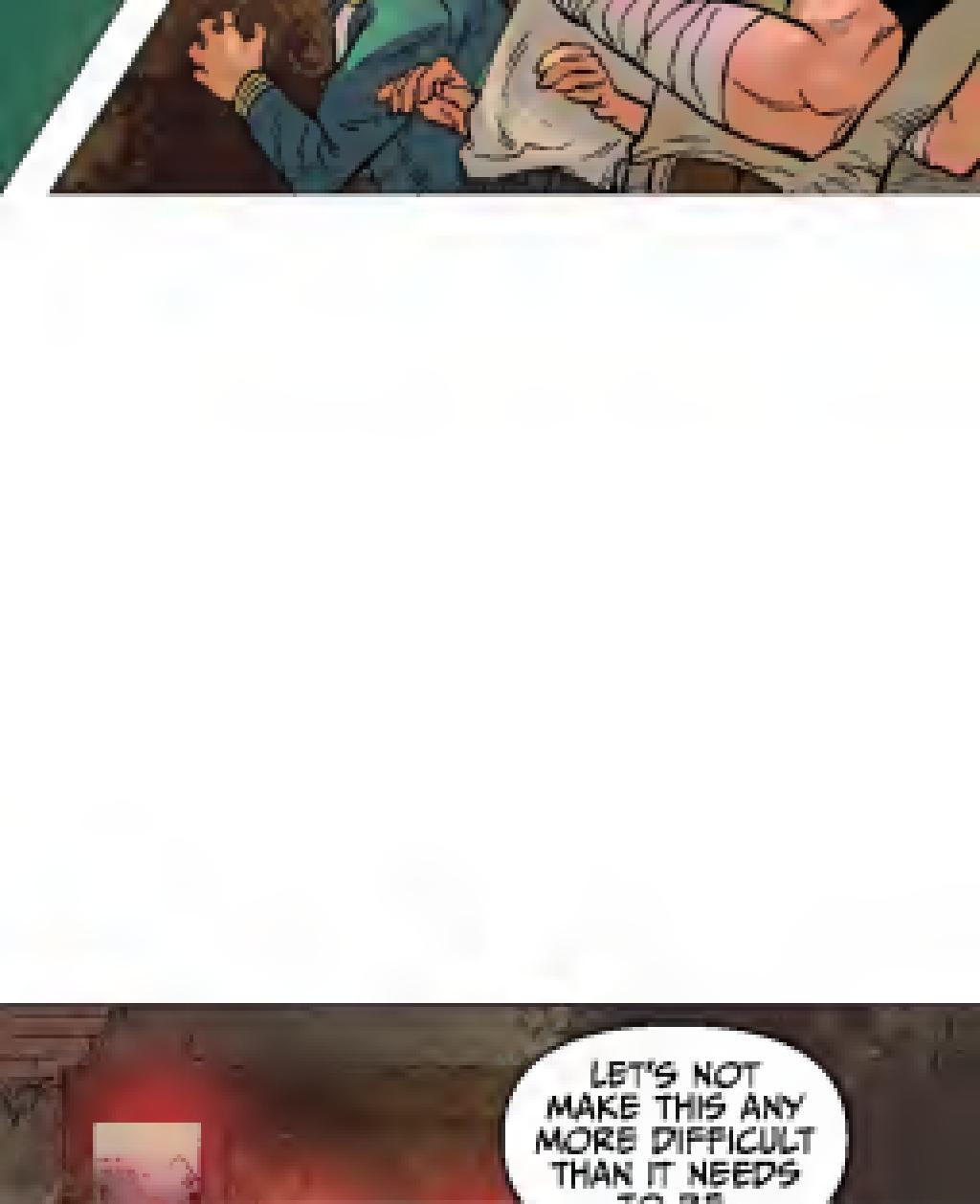
WHAT
ABOUT THE
OTHERS
DAD?

...WE'LL
COME BACK
FOR THEM,
JAMIE.





NOK NOK



LET'S NOT
MAKE THIS ANY
MORE DIFFICULT
THAN IT NEEDS
TO BE

10 Dec.





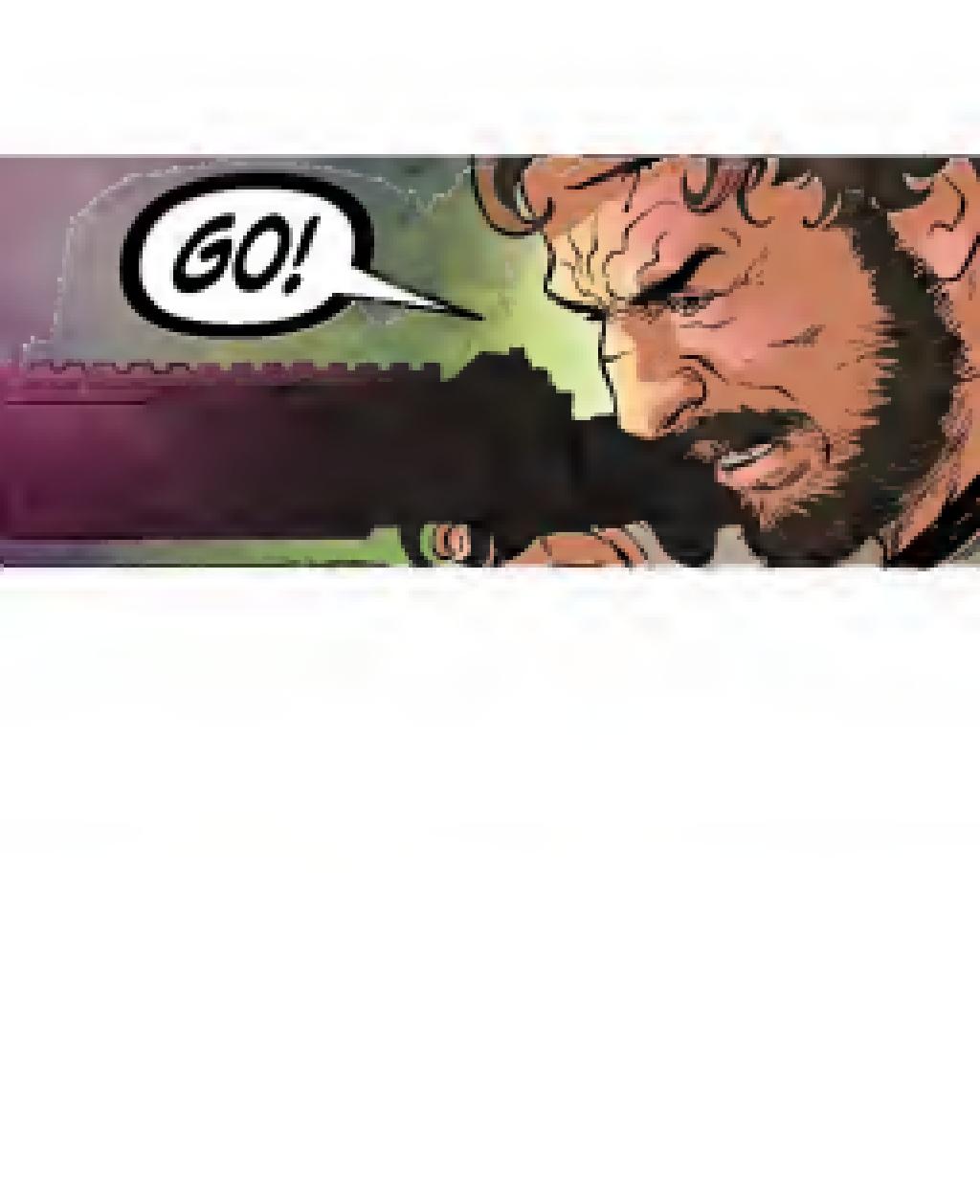


DAD...
WHO IS
THAT?

I CAN
HEAR
YOU...



RUN NO
MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS. JUST
KEEP RUNNING,
BOYS. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND
ME?



GO!

THAT UNWAVERING TRUST IN
THEM, EVEN WHEN WE KNOW
THEY ARE AS LOST AS WE ARE.





A young boy with curly red hair is lying in bed, wrapped in a blue and green striped blanket. He is looking up at a speech bubble. The room is dark, with light coming from a window on the right side.

COME ON,
COLIN!



HELLO.







NO!



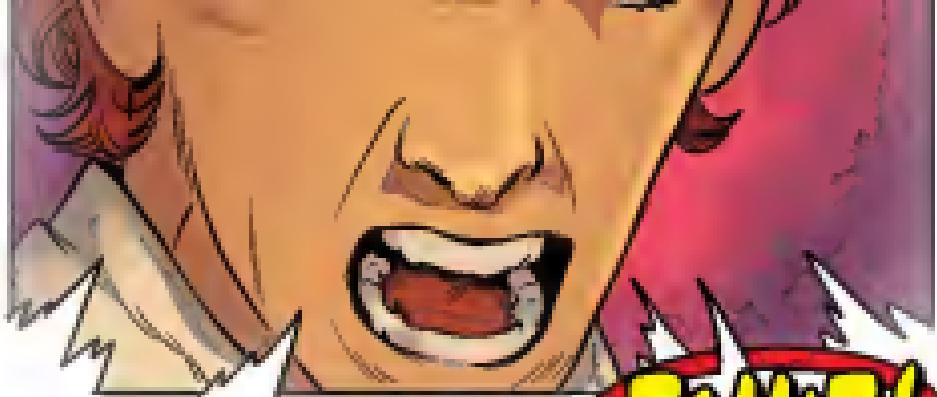
BOYS!
RUN!



JAMIE!
COME ON!

MOM?!
DAD?!

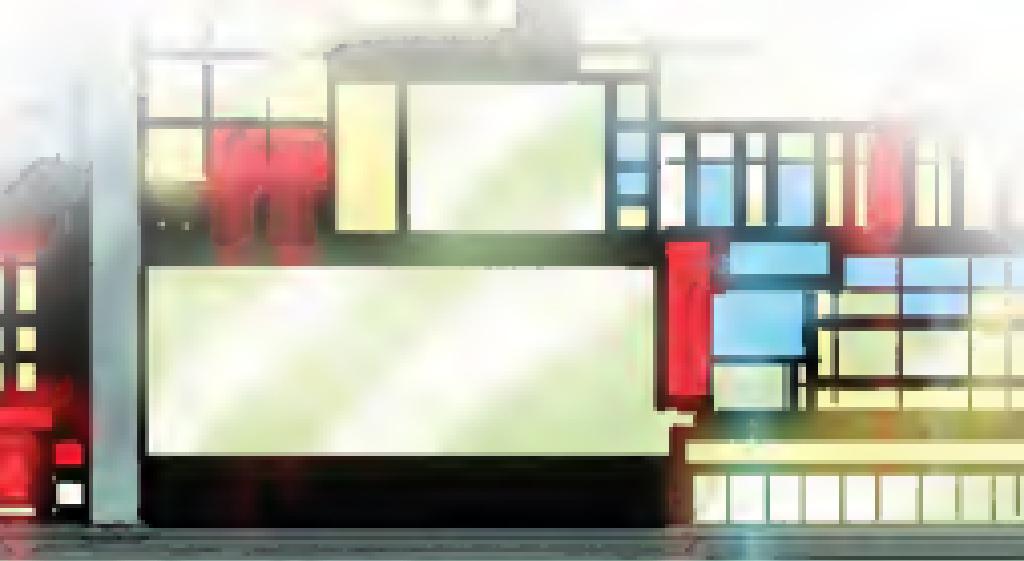




JAMIE!

AND THE PARALYZING
ACHE OF LOSING THEM

*YET STILL BEING
HAUNTED BY THEM
EVERY TIME WE
CLOSE OUR EYES.*





JAMES?





PLEASANT
DREAMS?





HE'LL
BE NO USE TO
US FOR QUITE
SOMETIME.

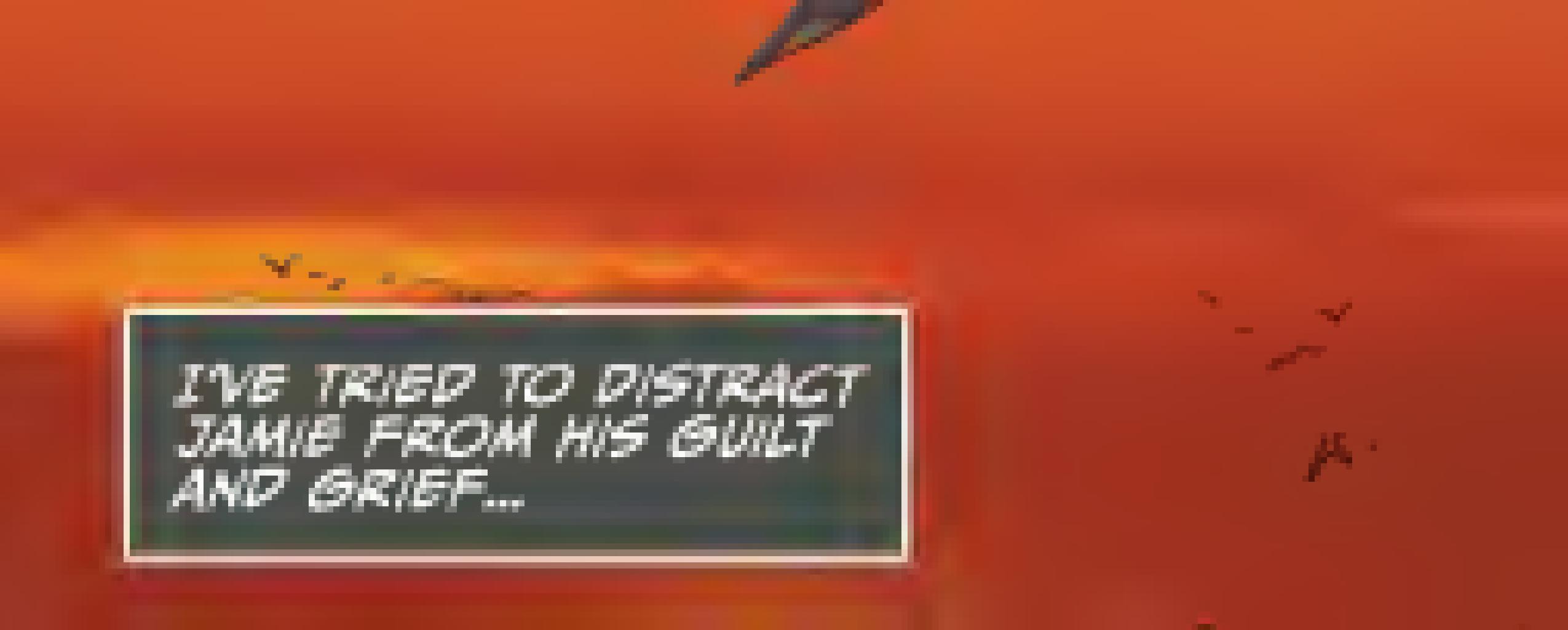
PERHAPS...
BUT SURELY WE
CAN FIND A JOB
FOR HIM.



AFTER
ALL, THERE IS A
CERTAIN PRISONER
OF OURS WHO
NEEDS LOOKING
AFTER.



IT'S BEEN 8 MONTHS
SINCE THE EVENTS AT
THE MINISTRY.



I'VE TRIED TO DISTRACT
JAMIE FROM HIS GUILT
AND SORRY...

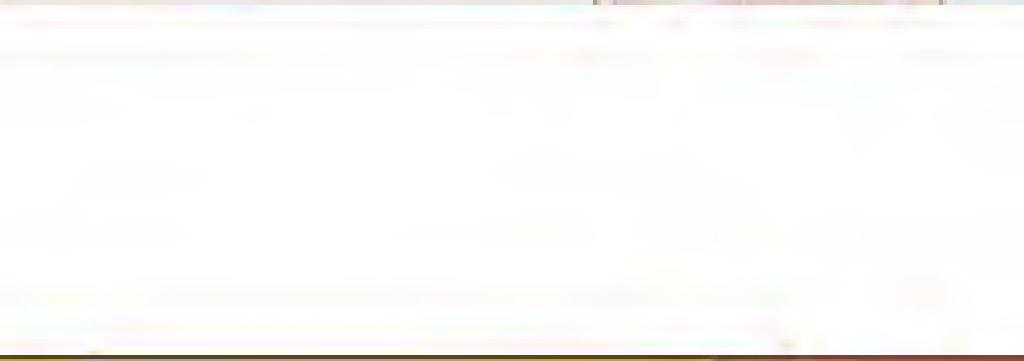






A woman with blonde hair tied back, wearing a green cloak over a brown tunic, looks up at a man with voluminous, curly red hair. The man is shown from the side, wearing a white shirt. A speech bubble originates from the woman's mouth. The background is a warm sunset or sunrise over a landscape with hills and mountains.

BEEN
LOOKING
FOR YOU...



HEY,
HOW'S
THE PREP
GOING?

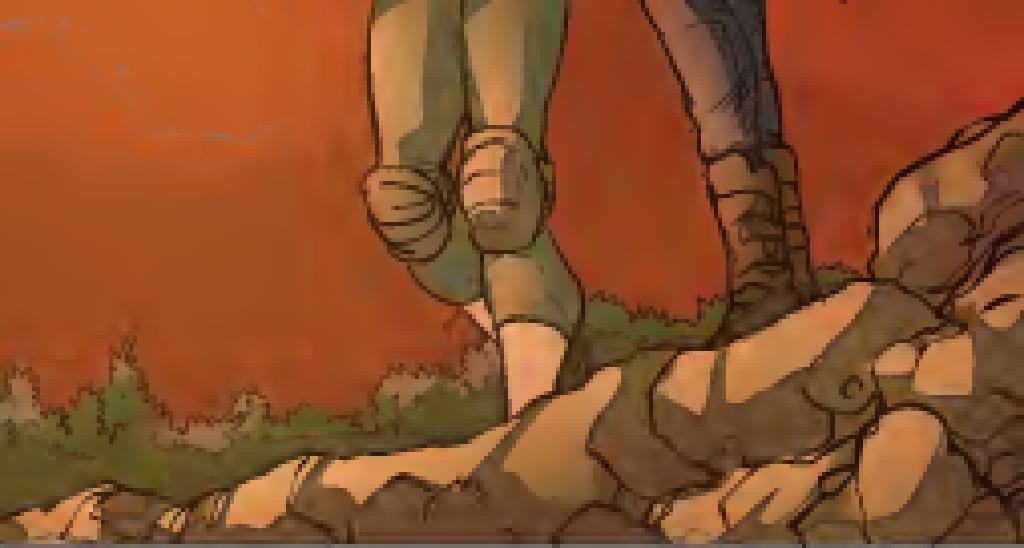


ALRIGHT

AHHHHH!
AUNT CHLOE IS
OFF ON ANOTHER
HUNT WITH
DAVID.

JACQUELINE
AND I ARE HEADING
OUT TOMORROW
TO FIND MORE
SUPPLIES.





BUT I KNOW AS WELL AS
HE DOES...YOU CANNOT
FORGET YOUR FAMILY.



WELL

GET HIM BACK,
JAMIE. WE'LL
GET THEM ALL
BACK.



